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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1917.

One Hundred and Forty-Sixth Day of America in the War.

HONOR WORTHILY BESTOWED.

Pensacola is signally honored in the selection of W. A. Blount to head the National Conference Commissioners, who will recommend to the American Bar Association modification of state laws to promote uniform legislation.

The appointment is a splendid tribute to Mr. Blount's ability, the office being of the utmost importance and its duties demanding an exhaustive knowledge of statutory law, qualifications which he possesses in marked degree.

The conference is to be facilitated upon its choice.

COAL PRICES NOT TO BE INFLATED

Instead of the excessively high prices which were freely predicted a few months ago, the consumer is now assured that his future coal supply will cost considerably less than it did last year. This results from President Wilson's action in fixing the prices of coal at the mines, under the authority vested in him by recent action of congress.

Prices vary according to the quality of the coal and conditions under which it is produced. The prices on Tennessee coal have been fixed at \$2.30 and \$2.40 per ton for run-of-mine, \$2.55 and \$2.65 for prepared sizes, and \$2.05 and \$2.15 for slack or screenings, while prices for the product of the Virginia fields range 30 cents a ton lower, and Alabama coal is priced a little higher than that produced in Tennessee.

These prices represent a considerable reduction from the compromise figure of \$3 a ton suggested by the coal operators in conference with the coal committee of the National Council of Defense, yet allow the producer a very good profit.

It is stated that the president will next fix the maximum prices at which coal shall be sold to consumers, to prevent the possibility of producers gouging the public through the medium of subsidiary distributing agencies in the densely populated centers and forcing an upward trend of retail prices throughout the country.

In regulating retail prices, consideration, of course, will be given to dealers who purchased their supplies last April at the then prevailing high prices, and who must either be allowed a rebate or be permitted to sell their present stocks at prices which will yield them a reasonable profit, as the government cannot consistently ask them to sustain loss. This is a detail, however, which can be arranged without difficulty.

Had not the power to regulate prices of fuel been placed in the hands of the president, the prediction of the doubling of coal prices by the big operators would doubtless have been fulfilled.

IMPORTS IN BONDED WAREHOUSES.

The effect of the war upon reserve stocks of imports is graphically set forth in the report of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce on the value of imports in bonded warehouses on June 30th, which was \$58,271,479, a decrease of \$29,786,615, as compared with June 30th, 1916. About four-fifths of the total imported merchandise remaining in bonded warehouses is stored at the port of New York, which reports \$55,733,156 for June, 1917,

against \$75,513,591 for the corresponding month in 1916.

Sugar shows the largest reduction, the quantity in warehouse on June 30, 1916, being 456,687,541 pounds, valued at \$19,469,886 against 197,688,557 pounds, valued at \$8,976,183 in 1917, a decrease of 258,998,984 pounds and \$10,493,703. The sugar remaining in warehouse in New York on June 30, 1916, amounted to 329,777,683 pounds against 155,997,249 pounds in 1917; in Philadelphia, 75,573,088 pounds, against none in 1917; in Boston, 19,714,436 pounds in 1916 against 7,761,609 pounds in 1917.

Leaf tobacco remaining in bonded warehouses on June 30, 1917, shows almost as large a decrease in value as sugar. The quantity in warehouse was 51,944,156 pounds, valued at \$25,845,293 on June 30, 1915, against 34,203,507 pounds, valued at \$16,260,462 on June 30, 1917, a decrease of 17,740,649 pounds and \$9,584,831.

Other large decreases compared with 1916 are: Chemicals, drugs and dyes, \$1,750,000; cotton manufactures, \$500,000; fibre manufactures, \$2,300,000; fruits and nuts, \$1,000,000; vegetable oils, \$700,000; silk manufactures, \$600,000; spices, \$1,200,000; wines, \$400,000; manufactures of wool, \$400,000, and zinc, \$1,500,000.

These figures are impressive of the need for conservation. With production at a standstill in many European countries, reserve stocks melting away, and the world calling upon America to supply the deficit in addition to filling our own needs, each individual must come to a realization of the importance of obeying the edict against waste that our future well-being may be safeguarded.

A GOOD WINTER CROP.

The department of agriculture urges farmers of the gulf states to sow winter oats extensively, pointing out that oats are generally recognized as the best grain crop for fall sowing in the south, as it usually yields better than other grains, nurses early, and both the grain and the straw may be fed to livestock. In fact, it is a very general practice in many sections, either to cut oats for hay or to feed them in the bundles, to workstock, thus providing both grain and roughage.

Many farmers who sowed oats last fall met with a disastrous experience during the February freeze, but a repetition of that occurrence is not probable, and because of the corn shortage and the more than usual need for growing it, have all the feed that stock will require, a liberal acreage should be sown to winter oats this fall wherever the soil is adapted to that crop.

FALL GARDEN TIME.

Have you planted your fall garden yet? If not, start now.

It will yield more than your spring garden, the vegetables will be crispier and of a more delicious flavor. They will have a better market value, too—will add more to your program of conservation and economy.

English peas planted now will bear well until Thanksgiving. Other things that will add variety to your early winter meals and tempt the appetite, are early beet, drum-head Savoy cabbage, Georgia collard, Danver's half-long carrot, Swiss chard, green curled endive, dwarf German kale, early white kohlrabi, big Boston lettuce, southern curled mustard, double curled parsley, early scarlet radish, Chinese winter radish, dwarf Essex rape, early spinach, mammoth salsify, strap leaf turnip, seven-top turnip, white egg turnip.

In addition to aiding Mr. Hoover's plan, a properly cultivated fall garden will provide your table with vegetables more choice than you buy in the market and will result in very noticeable reduction of your household expenses.

A business man of Vancouver, B. C., has a record of fifty-one round trips to London, England.

Scientists have found that children grew little from the end of November to the end of March.

The agricultural department says every family should keep a pig. In the parlor, probably.

German aviators are bombing hospitals behind Verdun. Go ahead. It's safe. The nurses can't fight back.

PENSACOLA AND PENSACOLIANS

Whittled "Some" Boy.—Albert Whittled, of St. Petersburg, is "some" boy. He is training with the aviation corps at Pensacola. Recently he wrote a letter to his mother and casually mentioned that he was in the hospital with a cut upper lip and a black eye. Then just as casually he mentions that he had that day fallen seven hundred feet into the bay, describing his sensations and the complete smashing of his aeroplane. In this letter he says: "I wasn't a bit afraid and I never get scared at accidents. My pulse was normal and all is well."—Jacksonville Times-Union.

Is Pensacola Boy Now.—The many Florida friends of W. A. Rawls, of Pensacola, will be pleased to hear of the rapid promotion of his son, W. A. Rawls, Jr., in the regular army. Early this year he was commissioned a second lieutenant and a few months later was made a first lieutenant. Now he has been raised to the rank of captain. He is stationed at present at the army concentration camp at Syracuse, N. Y.—Times-Union.

And "W. A." is a Tallahassee raised boy which makes his promotions very pleasing to the people of the Capital City.—Tallahassee Democrat.

Bellinger in Miami.—Between the task of taking soundings all along the bay shore to the north and south of Miami and interviewing property owners, Lieut. P. N. L. Bellinger, U. S. N., has had a busy stay in Miami and left yesterday satisfied that in recommending Miami as the logical place for the proposed navy aviation school, he has done the right thing. The selection of the school site rests with the government.

The lieutenant will make similar investigations for possible sites along the Atlantic seaboard between Jacksonville and Savannah, but leading Miami's and enthusiastic over Miami's chances of securing the school. Chamber of Commerce officials were hosts to Lieut. Bellinger during his stay here. They attended to all the details of providing data for the lieutenant's reports and secured boats for the necessary trips.—Miami Metropolis.

POLITICS AND POLITICIANS

Catts Names a Negro.—Governor Catts has appointed R. R. Robinson as school probation officer for Duval county. Robinson is a negro and a Republican ward politician. Well, now, how do you reckon like that?—Ocala Star.

Hope It's Over.—And now we hope we have heard the last of that Catts-Clark controversy. The language used by both in the letters that passed between them was beneath the dignity of a governor and a congressman.—St. Petersburg Times.

Started Something.—Looks to us like some of Catts' friends started that "impeachment proceedings" stuff to give them a chance to "talk up" the governor a little more.—Tampa Tribune.

Lambright Boost.—The press of the state boosted Ed Lambright for governor and he was made acting postmaster. Now probably if they will move the boost up a peg and urge him for president, he may be able to land the governorship.—St. Petersburg Times.

Let 'Em Loose.—The Tribune suggests the Catts-Clark debate be staged for the benefit of the Red Cross. Why not turn them loose in France and let them talk the German's to death?—Tampa Tribune.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO TODAY.

1817—Sir John Thomas Duckworth, a celebrated British admiral, died. Born Feb. 28, 1748.

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO TODAY.

1842—Act of Congress authorizing the establishment of the Hydrographic office.

FIFT YEARS AGO TODAY.

1867—Kate Terry made her last appearance as Juliet at the New Adelphi, in London.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO TODAY.

1892J—George William Curtis, noted author, died in New York. Born in Providence, R. I., Feb. 24, 1824.

ONE YEAR AGO TODAY IN THE WAR.

August 31—Turkey and Bulgaria declared war on Roumania; Rome reported the repulse of Austrian attacks in the Trentino and near Tivoli; total British casualties for August announced as 4,711 officers and 123,234 men.

OUR DAILY BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, born 37 years ago today.

Emperor Yoshihito of Japan, born 38 years ago today.

Governor James E. Ferguson of Texas, whose official acts are now a subject of legislative investigation, born in Bell County, Texas, 46 years ago today.

Rt. Rev. Alfred M. Randolph, Episcopal bishop of Southern Virginia, born at Winchester, Va., 81 years ago today.

Antonio Salandra, former premier of Italy, born near Foggia, Italy, 64 years ago today.

Mrs. Harold F. McCormick, daughter of John D. Rockefeller, born in Cleveland, 45 years ago today.

Brigadier General Anson Mills, U. S. A., retired, born in Boone County, Ind., 83 years ago today.

THE GREAT AMERICAN HOME**Married Life The First Year**

By Mabel Herbert Urner

Chapter No. 11.
It had been an unusually busy morning. Besides its being Anna's cake baking day, Helen had decided after the breakfast things were cleared away and the kitchen straight, to try to wash out a thin lingerie dress. It was so sheer and fine that she was afraid to trust it to the rough treatment of the laundry. And for such a gown dry cleaning seemed needlessly expensive.

Anna had good naturedly assured her that they could "rub it out by hand," and they did. Some warm suds of Castile soap, a quick rinsing in clear water and it came out beautifully clear and white.

While it was drying by halves, brought a lot of laces and dollies and white silk gloves and washed them also. She was enjoying it immensely. It was like washing doll clothes in her little girl days.

Then she got out a box full of narrow lingerie ribbons—the collection of weeks. They had seemed too rumpled to run back in the underwear from which they were taken when the pieces went to the laundry, and too fresh to throw away. So now she assorted, rinsed them out and pressed them and rolled them up neatly on pieces of cardboard.

"Oh, Anna, I'm having a beautiful time. Can't you think of something else I can wash out?"

"I guess your dress is ready to iron now, ma'am. By the time you are through that you'll be tired enough to quit."

She unrolled the dress from the towel into which Anna had wrapped it tightly after sprinkling with cold starch.

While Anna made the icing for the cakes and prepared the vegetables for dinner, Helen ironed the dress. It was fascinating work—the thin lace flounces pressed out like new. A real "store finish" Anna called it. "Haden't I better fix you some lunch now, ma'am? It's getting after one."

"Oh, no; I'm too busy to stop for lunch. Just get me a glass of milk and some crackers. Oh, dear! Anna, you mustn't talk to me; just look what you made me do! It is scorching bad!"

Anna bent over the ironing board. "That'll come out, ma'am. It's just yellowed a little. I guess them irons is too hot; anyway." And she carefully lowered the gas.

It was almost three before the dress was finished and spread out on the bed in the spare room. Anna agreed that the laundry could not have done it half as well.

And then for the first time Helen realized that she was tired, very tired. Her back and side ached from the unaccustomed work.

She got out of her clothes with a sense of relief and prepared to lie down for a nap. She would awaken rested and refreshed and put on the dress for dinner. And Warren would hardly believe that she had done it herself.

"Anna, I am sure no one will come this afternoon; but if they should just say that I am out. Don't wake me for anything. I didn't know I was so tired."

She took a quick warm bath, for nothing rested her as much as that. Covered her face with cold cream, rolled her hair on kid curlers (for she wanted to look very nice that evening). And then lay down in her cool darkened room with a sense of luxurious comfort and relaxation that only comes when one is very tired.

She was soon asleep.

A bell was ringing loudly. She started up bewildered. It was the door bell. Why didn't Anna answer it?

"Anna! Anna!" more sharply. Again the bell. She arose and ran into the kitchen. "Anna!" But no one was there. Had she gone out on some errand at this unfortunate time?

Again the bell. Who could it be—and how could she answer it as she was. Once more the bell, a pertinent determined ring that drew her to the door in spite of herself.

She opened it a couple of inches, standing back well out of view.

"Who is it?"

"It is I, Carrie," came in a cold, indignant voice.

Carrie! Warren's married sister! She was panic-stricken. She opened the door further still, standing behind it. Just what she said or did she never knew. Somehow she got slipped into the front room with stammered apologies about not being very well and the maid having gone out on an errand.

Then she rushed into her bedroom, slipped into a tea gown, tore her hair from the kid curlers, powdered her face still greasy from the cold cream, and hurried into the front room where Carrie immaculately gowned, was sitting stiff and formal, her whole bearing expressing a checked disapproval.

It was a horrible call. Helen was frantically trying to cover her confusion, making apologies and explanations, while Carrie's cold critical silence disconcerted her all the more. Carrie had never liked her, and Helen knew with what satisfaction she would now tell of the frightful condition which she found her in when she called. And at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when everybody was expected to be dressed. She left at last—Helen still profuse in her apologies and regrets. Oh, it was horrible, horrible.

When the door closed Helen rushed out into the kitchen where Anna was now placidly mending an apron. "Where were you? Where did you go just now; I mean a half hour ago?"

"Me? Why ma'am I only ran 'round the corner to get some shoes."

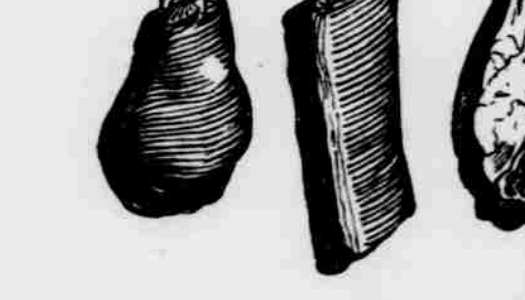
Rheumatism

is completely washed out of the system by the celebrated Shivar Mineral Water. Positively guaranteed by money-back offer. Tastes fine; costs a trifle. Delivered anywhere by our Pensacola Agents, West Florida Grocery Company.—Adv.—

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Try an order of my Boiled Ham or new Salt Mackerel for Sunday's breakfast. Both are juicy, delicious and appetizing.

Phone your orders early for quick deliveries to all parts of the city.

I left to be fixed." "But why did you go when I was asleep; when any one might call and there was no one to answer the door?"

"But I wasn't gone a minute, ma'am—just 'round the corner." "Well, in that minute Mr. Curtis' sister called. And I had to go to the door as I was. Now don't you ever don't you ever go out when I'm not dressed! Do you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am," meekly. "But Helen's indignation was not yet fully vented, so she repeated again with increased severity: "Don't you ever, don't you ever do such a thing again!"

Has a High Opinion of Chamberlain's Tablets.

"I have a high opinion of Chamberlain's Tablets for biliousness and as a laxative," writes Mrs. C. A. Barnes, Charleston, Ill. "I have never found anything so mild and pleasant to use. My brother has also used these tablets with satisfactory results."—Adv.

NOTICE.

Have your shoes repaired today, as we, the undersigned, will be closed all day Monday, being Labor Day.

Skipper Shoe Shop,
Royal Shoe Shop,
Boston Shoe Shop.

The Journal's "Want Ad" may will get you results.

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